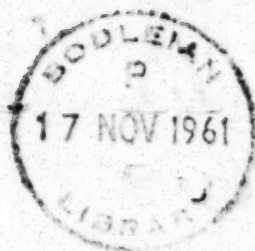

A Full and True
A C C O U N T
Of the Sad and Deplorable,
D E A T H
O F
CALEB D'ANVERS, *Esq;*

Vet. A4 e. 2062



A Full and True
A C C O U N T
Of the Sad and Deplorable
D E A T H
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CALEB D'ANVERS, *Esq;*

W H O

Dy'd *suddenly* last *Saturday* Morning,
after a *long* and *languishing* Illness,

Occasion'd by a

Concatenation of DISTEMPERS.

Together with an Exact and Faithful Relation
of the *Drum-Doctors* being sent for to
open and dissect him.

L O N D O N,

Printed: And Sold by J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane.*

MDCCXXXI.

[Price Six Pence.]

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A Full and True
 A C C O U N T
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 D E A T H
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 CALEB D'ANVERS, *Esq;*

DEATH, says *Lily's Grammar*, is a
 Thing common to all Men,
Mors omnibus communis.

It is, as the renown'd *Stephen* observes, a
Debt which all to Nature owe; It is like-
 wise, says the Philosopher, a *Portion*, which
 all Men from Nature must receive. The
 Prince as well as Peasant must submit to its
 tyrannical Summons.

*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum
 Tabernas,
 Regumque Turres —*

Naked

Naked we came into the World, and naked we must go out of it again. The Grave, like the Parson's Barn, is open to receive all that comes, no Loading is amiss to it; and like that too, it is sure to hold fast whatever it once gets.

*Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis,
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere
ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.*

And as Death is *certain*, so it is likewise *very uncertain*. As no one can remember the Hour in which he first saw the Light, so no one can foresee the gloomy Moment in which he shall see it no more. And happy indeed is it for us poor Mortals, that we have no Fore-knowledge of that fatal and shocking Period, when the grim Tyrant shall with his leaden Fingers extinguish this Snuff of Life; for such a strange Antipathy doth Human Nature bear to that inhuman Destroyer, that if we certainly knew we were to die *Seven Years hence*, we should infallably die this very *Hour* with the Fear
of

of it. The cloudy Prospect would inevitably overcome us, as a thick Fog puts out a Candle.

We were naturally *lead* to these melancholy and useful Reflections from what *follows*, which is a full and true Account of the painful Illness and deplorable Death of that truly noble, upright, sincere, honest, disinterested Patriot, and Patron of the Liberties of *Great Britain, Caleb D'Anvers, Esq;* who departed this Life in a very astonishing and unexpected Manner, after he had spun out the last Thread both of his Being, and Brain, for the Good of his Country, and quite exhausted his Righteous Soul by an indefatigable Opposition to the wicked and sinister Machinations of its mortal Enemies.

Now such was the lamentable Fortune of poor distress'd *England*, that those who were at the Helm and ought to have steer'd her into the Harbour of Peace and Prosperity, were such bitter Adversaries to her Ease and Tranquillity, that instead of giving up every thing

thing into the Hands of that wise and steady *Pilot*, they did vainly, foolishly and obstinately persevere to think themselves as *capable of managing as he was*.

This intolerable Presumption of theirs, together with the Success they have lately unfortunately met with, and which too often accompanies the Bold and Daring; for as the Poet observes,

— *Still happy Impudence obtains the Prize.*

I say, All these Sights, Crosses and Misfortunes following one another, and falling thicker and faster on the Spirit of this meek and upright Man, did so oppress, crush, and bear him down, and so greatly affect, clog, and obstruct the Machinery of his earthly Tabernacle, that, causing a Concatenation of dire Distempers, they at last brought on that sad and fatal Period, which by a final Dissolution of Body and Soul, put an end, at once, to *his* Sufferings and *Britannia's* Welfare.

Now

Now the Manner of his Death was in this wise.

“ *Historia morbi quo nuper mortuus est*

“ CALEB D'ANVERS.

About the latter End of *January* last past, a certain rebellious and libellous Pamphlet being publish'd by a traiterous Abettor of those Overthrowers of our Liberties and Properties, who were in the Management of Affairs, highly tending to expose and discourage the great and necessary *antiministerial* Virtues of *Sedition* and *Defamation*, which this indefatigable and worthy *Patriot* had with incredible Labour and Application been sowing and cultivating for several Years; our watchful *Argus* within eight and forty Hours puts forth a manly, generous, and *proper* Reply, in which, according to the laudable Custom of Controversy-Writers, he supposes a Gentleman to be the Author who had not wrote a single Syllable of it, and falls on him in that brave, noble and gentleman-like Manner, that He being stung to the Heart thereby, immediately

B

mediately sends our Answerer a Challenge to a Combat.

Now this puissant and undaunted Champion had such a noble Share of Courage and Bravery, that he was transported at having so lucky an Opportunity of manifesting the Sincerity of his Affection to his Dear Country, and the inveterate Hatred he bore to those who were plotting her Downfall; He being heard publicly declare, That he would gladly purchase their Destruction at the Price of his own.

But to proceed — The two Combatants being met, a bloody Skirmish fought, and our political Knight-Errant by the *Interposition* of his valiant Squire, escap'd with Life and Limbs in *Statu quo*. He was by this means so greatly elevated, and inflamed, that he in a more dreadful and terrible manner breath'd forth Menaces and Threats against those his (our) bitter Enemies; directly *challeng'd* his *Great Opponent* in a publick Paper, and had *Christian Bravery* enough to declare in Print, That we had a — King
and

and *Queen*, a wicked and ignorant *Ministry*, a profligate *Nobility*, a corrupt *Parliament*, and a slavish *Commonalty*, and did modestly affirm that the only way which could possibly be taken to prevent the eminent Dangers which hung over our Heads from falling upon us, was, by — the *King* and *Queen*, hanging up the *Ministry*, banishing the *Nobility*, blowing up the *Parliament*, and driving the whole Herd of *Commonalty* into the Sea; and as necessary Steps to this great and good End, he assiduously labour'd to procure the intire Demolition of the *Army*, and the Repeal of the *Riot Bill*, those two grand Obstructions to the propos'd *Revolution*.

In this manner was our brave and honest *Patriot* proceeding, and carrying on his good and honourable Cause with double Vigour and Assurance of Success, his Associates at the same time singing Songs of Triumph and Conquest: When alas, in the midst of this Exultation and Joy, he was struck with Astonishment, like *Belshazzar* at his Feast, by a *Hand-writing* or *Parchment* which was

presented unto him; And this is the Writing that was written:

An Extraēt of the Treaty of Peace concluded at Vienna the Sixteenth of March, 1731, &c.

At the Sight of this his Countenance was chang'd, the Joints of his Loins were loos'd, and his Knees smote one against another. For tho' he perceiv'd that this general Peace would be of the utmost Benefit to *Great Britain*; yet so tender an Affection did he bear to his dear Country, that it was *Death* to him to think any should reap either the Honour or *Emolument* of doing it good but *Himself*.

Perceiving therefore, that by the Event above-mention'd all his Schemes were intirely destroy'd, and that his Enemies were now got quite out of his reach, and fix'd beyond the Power of all his Party to shake them, He was greatly and vehemently perturb'd in Spirit; His Speech fail'd him in such manner, that he stutter'd and stammer'd, and

and talk'd backward and forward like a perfect Infant ; his Hand shook to that degree, that no one could *read* what he wrote ; and his *Head* it self, that *Great Head*, which had stood so steddy in Defence of *Sedition* and *Defamation*, did now totter and tremble, and fall every way like the Head of a strangl'd Goose.

For nigh three Weeks space did he continue in his melancholy and *languishing* Condition, which very much resembl'd a *Lethargick* or *Comatous Stupor*. When all other Means had prov'd vain and abortive, a certain *French Quack*, who had attended him in his Illness, and on whom he principally depended for Relief, apply'd a large Blister-Plaister of *Spanish-Flies* to the Scalp of his Head. This was so far from having the expected Success, that it drew the whole Flux of Humours up to his *Pericranium* ; so that they immediately fell upon the *Cerebellum*, and brought on that terrible and dangerous Distemper call'd a *Phrenitis*, being an Inflammation of the *Meninges* or Membranes of the Brain. By this
woful

woful Difaster, he was thrown into a raging Fever and *Delirium*, his Eyes plaz'd, his Blood boil'd, his Marrow fry'd, his Brain hiss'd, and his Tongue rav'd. In his frantick Fits he was continually exclaiming against himself, and the Count his Companion. He would frequently beat his Head with his doubl'd Fists, and cry out, *Fool ! Fool ! Fool ! ambitious, revengeful, thoughtless Fool ! Take that — What ? you must set up for a Patriot and be hang'd — take that ; You must turn Weekly Retailer of Treason and false News, a Journal Libeller, an Associate of blasted, outlaw'd Jacobites, and a Fellow Scribler with Grubstreet Gazetteers ; Take that with a Vengeance — You must suffer your self to be bridl'd and rode by a treacherous, stigmatiz'd, lascivious Villain, who had before rode your Grey Mare with a P-x to you ; must you ? Take that, that, that, that.*

In this astonishing and lamentable manner did he go on for several Days together, nay oft-times did he endeavour to lay violent Hands on himself, and about three
Days

Days before his Death he would irretrievably have effected it, had I not providentially and miraculously prevented him; for his faithful and *honest* Friend the Count, and his loving, *chaste*, and affectionate Lady, being just stept out of the Room together, to consult what farther might be done, *in order to send him to Heaven*, there being no Hopes left of his continuing here, had thrown up the Windows to *refresh* him a little: now he being at this time in a violent *Frenzy*, immediately upon sight of the Sash being open, jump'd out of Bed, flew to the Window, and was that Moment going to leap into the Street, when I wonderfully and accidentally coming into the Room, had the Glory of preserving that *precious* Carcase, from becoming, like *Jezebel's*, the *Food of Dogs*.

Thus furious and outrageous did he continue all that Night and the next Day, when, amazing to think, the Evening following, about five Minutes after eight o' Clock, he was instantaneously reduc'd to his pristine Senses; all the threatening and unfavourable Symptoms vanish'd at once,

his

his Countenance was enlighten'd, and he really begun to talk *intelligibly*, which he had not done for a long time before. Upon my asking him how he felt himself, he answer'd me in a quick and lively Manner, *never better my Friend, never better*; however, continued he, for fear of a Relapse, send immediately for a Lawyer and a Divine, for I am willing to settle both my Temporal and Spiritual Accounts, and would at the same time have one to write my *Will*, and t'other my *Dying Speech*.

Now it came to pass, that as soon as these things were transacted, the *French Mountebank* whom we mention'd above, enter'd the Room, and perceiving his Patient in such a *hopeful* Way, he was greatly astonish'd: Bless me! Sir, (cry'd he, with an Air of Surprize) why, what do you mean by this? how came you so? Why you are a sound Man again, how did this happen, what was the blessed Cause of this amazing Alteration in you? What is it that has operated this Miracle? — But why do I ask, it is unquestionably

onably the Effect of my last Prescription, and troth no more than what I might reasonably expect from it; Ah! that *Clyster*, that *Clyster* is a trusty Specifick of mine, it was well loaded with the *fetid Anti-politicks*, it has carried off all those Fumes which so greatly distemper'd the *Head*, by their proper Channel, the A—. Moreover *Cupping* and *Scarification* are of no small Service in these Cases.

But, pray Sir, (continu'd he) what means that *Coffin* below, I expected you would have wanted *Saw Dust* instead of a *Quieting Draught*. Coffin Sir, (answer'd my Friend with some Eagerness) yes, Coffin, Sir, (reply'd the Doctor with a Smile) and a very capacious one too let me tell you, and likewise adorn'd in an extraordinary Manner. A silver Plate of uncommon Size, is fix'd on the Lid, with the following Inscription in Capital Letters—*Caleb D'Anvers, Esq, Patriot-General of Great-Britain*—The Inside is lined with the *Title-Pages* of the several *Pamphlets* in which you have had a Hand, and at the Head, instead of a Pillar, is a com-
C pleat

pleat Collection of your *Weekly Lucubrations*, neatly bound in *Spanish Leather*, on the Back of which, are letter'd—*Dirt to Dirt, Mire to Mire, Dung to Dung.*

No more, no more, (cry'd out the Squire) this Blow is sufficient—This is the doing of my victorious Enemy. *This is thy Conquest, this thy Triumph Robin—What, must my precious Works be buried with me?—Those Works that cost me so much Time and Pain; Those Works which tir'd my Hands and turn'd my Brain—It is too much, by Heaven it is too much.*—As soon as he had utter'd these last Words with great Vehemence, he was seized with a violent Palpitation of *Heart*, his *Lights* rose, his *Jaw* fell, his *Nails* turn'd up, his *Eyes* sunk in, his *Head* shook, and his *Tongue* stood still; A *Facies Hippocratica* came on, with violent Convulsions, attended with a frothing at the Mouth, of much *bilious* and *choleric* Matter: So that he perfectly stunk above Ground. After he had continued in this Condition 'till about six o' Clock the next Morning, being *Saturday* last, he utter'd a whole Volley of Anathematical Interjections, and so gave up the Ghost. But

But oh! what a dismal Moment was this to us who surviv'd him, quite petrify'd with Grief and Surprize, we stood some time like monumental Statues. What could we do? In vain we cry'd out, in vain we held our Tongues; for oh! he was *dead! dead! dead!*

And here, courteous Reader, forgive me if I take up a small Portion of thy Time by indulging my self in *woful* Soliloquy and Reflection. Alas! cry'd I, (*as soon as my rampant Passion gave Reins to my Tongue*) *What a mournful and deplorable Sight is this!* Those Eyes which are now so blank and dim, how have I seen them shine and sparkle at reading of a *French* Ship being harbour'd at *Dunkirk*, or an *English* one taken by the *Spaniards*; How livid, motionless, and wan are now those Lips, from whence the sweet Dew of *Patriotism, Truth, and candid Instruction*, was hourly *distilling* for the good of the Publick, and which was (next to *Royal Gin*) the greatest *Cordial* of the Populace. How cold is now that generous hospitable Breast, which was always open to receive

even the most *despicable* and *abandon'd*, when they had the least Sense of publick Good, and could be work'd on to say, or *swear any thing* against the Enemies of their Country. That Breast where Benevolence, Moderation, Sincerity and Candor did *equally* sit enthron'd with *Meekness, Humility, and Contentment*; That Breast which never knew what it was to feel *Shame*, or ever indulg'd a *Passion*, which his Tongue would *hesitate* to utter, or his Cheeks *blush* to acknowledge. Where are now thy Schemes of *no Army*, *no Law* against *Riots*, *no Punishment* for *Treasons*, *no Pensions* for *Loyalty*? Of what Service thy Journals, of what Benefit thy Pamphlets? Where the shrewd *Remarks* thou hast written on History, and where the History thou hast *forg'd* for the sake of those *Remarks*? Where are now thy harmless *unmeaning Parallels*, thy *innocent well-grounded Innuendo's*, thy well-beloved *Capitals*, and witty *Italicks*? Are they not gone down with thee to the *Dust* from whence they came, are they not gone to the Land where all things are *forgotten*? But thou meek Soul didst not covet to purchase

purchase *Fame*, or vainly toil to be remember'd with *Honour* in the Ages to come? No, thou hadst no Designs, no Interest, no Pursuits for any thing that should come *after thee*. Thou didst despise the vain Applause of the Great, the Learned and the Wise, and didst only value the Approbation of such *choice Spirits* as were as *low-minded*, *simple* and *honest* as thy self. An uncommon *Regard* for the *Publick Management* was the sole Motive of his Actions, and the Procurement of her *Goods*, the only thing he propos'd as a Recompence for his Services. But alas! Death has now set him on a Level with the rest of Mankind, and has not left us his *Fellow* in the whole Creation; and though it must be acknowledg'd that he was not *fit to live* in this bad World; yet pity it is that he should have *died a natural Death*, and descended like other Mortals in a *common way* to the Grave.

*His Life with Publick Vertues grac'd
In publick should have ended;
By Fate above the Vulgar plac'd,
'Twixt Heaven and Earth suspended.*

*His Corpse on Gibbet hung in Air,
A Nuisance to his Foes;*

But

*But O! a Sight most fat and fair
To hungry Jacks and Crows.*

I should have proceeded farther in my poetical Rhapsody, but was prevented by his dear disconsolate Lady who gave me a twitch by the Sleeve, and desir'd we might go and open the *Will*, that if he had order'd any thing particular with regard to his Funeral it might be punctually observed; for that nothing gave her greater *Pleasure* than executing the *Will* of the *Dead*, and she was the more inclin'd to be expeditious here, because the *Sight* of her dear departed Husband was so *grievous* and afflicting to her, that she was desirous to get him out of the House as speedily as possible. To which I return'd answer not disagreeable, but at the same time made it my Request; That as the Death of my Friend was very surprizing and peculiar, his Body might be open'd to see if the Cause of it could be discover'd; which Intreaty was granted without farther Importunity, and the *Drum-Doctor* was accordingly sent for to perform the Operation.

Now this famous and renowned Experimenter being arriv'd; as soon as he saw a Corpse

Corpse in the Room, without asking any Questions, he immediately falls to work upon the *Ear*. Sir (*says I*, in some surprize) Pray what are you going about? Sir (*says he*) we must first lay it open by Incision. Lay it open by Incision! (*says I*) what does the Man mean? Mean Sir, (*replies he*) why, to *perforate* the *Tympanum*. But pray, Sir, what Knowledge shall we gain by that? Knowledge Sir! Why-why-why-we shall know if a *Drum* will *sound* when it has got a *Hole* in it. S'death Sir, that's what I am very well satisfy'd of already, I want, I tell you, to have the Body of this Gentleman laid open, and to be inform'd, if I can, what was the Cause of his Death. I beseech you, Sir (*continues he*) indulge me in this Particular, I'll give you ample Satisfaction as to the rest by and by, but I beg I may first have a *Stroke* at the *Ear*; I have been very well acquainted (*says he*) with this Gentleman a long Time, and am very certain that all the latter part of his Life, he was entirely *deaf* on the *right* Side. Being appris'd of this, I readily comply'd with the Artificer in his intended Dissection.

But

BUT the Description of this, with the Account of the divers Disorders of his *Ears, Brain, Eyes, Tongue, Heart, Liver, Lights, &c.* together with the Contents of the last *Will and Testament*, and *Dying Speech*, as also the *Account* of the *Birth, Parentage* and *Education* of this never-enough-to-be-lamented *Patriot* must be reserved for a second Part or *Appendix* to this valuable little Piece, and shall speedily be publish'd for the Good of the Publick, yea verily, and that too, before the breaking up of the Parliament, out of the singular Regard we bear to those *select* and *publick spirited Senators*, who have always fought so bravely under the Banner of our departed *Champion*, and who will unquestionably be desirous of having these *Memoirs* compleat to carry into the Country for the Instruction and Ensamble of their Wives and Daughters.



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